

Facts, Fiction, Fancies and Latest Fashions of Interest to the Women of Washington

:: Helene's Married Life ::

By MAY CHRISTIE

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LI.—"Within an Hour."

"I think he's dying!" Jim's nurse repeated, out of breath. "Telephone the doctor, quick! I can't leave him for a moment. I rang the bell five minutes ago, but no one heard. Hurry—please hurry!"

She vanished, just as Alice and I ran toward the telephone. My heart was thudding in my chest. A suffocating feeling almost overwhelmed me. Jim—my Jim—dying—

Alice, competent for once, found the phone number and got it. "Alas! The doctor was at the local hospital, three miles from his house."

We rang up the hospital, and—after what seemed interminable delay—were told that the doctor had just left, and was going to a patient's home, located eight miles from Anstruther Lodge.

"Helene, get out the runabout, and drive straight to the hospital. If it weren't that I'm terrified of the country roads at night, I'd go. But you can manage. What a pity that Williams (Williams was the chauffeur) is off for the afternoon today!"

I didn't wait for more. Flinging on an old motor-coat belonging to Alice's husband, I dashed out to the garage, got the gardener's boy to open the door, and was soon out on the deserted roads with Alice's car.

I didn't know the neighborhood particularly well—but I exceeded all speed limits. I drove like the wind. In less than time it takes to narrate this, I had reached my destination.

There was a light against me. The doctor had only arrived fifteen minutes, and had been gone fifteen. No, they couldn't say where he had gone. Home, probably.

Yes, they would telephone his home, and leave word that he must go at once to Anstruther Lodge. Yes, certainly!

I climbed into the little runabout with a sinking heart. Suppose the doctor should reach poor Jim—too late? Life and death were very cruel.

If Jim should live I would proclaim him there and then as my husband, and take him to some dear, delightful spot where I could nurse him back to health and happiness.

When at last I reached the doctor's house, it was to find the phone call was waiting him, and that he had not yet returned.

I believe he intended to drop in at Thorne Grange, to discuss some little matter with Mr. Fravis Lloyd, the doctor's wife told me with pitying eyes, "I'll telephone."

She lifted the receiver off its hook and after repeating the number several times, was told that the Thorne Grange runabout was out of the house. It was therefore impossible to get connection.

"If you drive straight there, you may catch him," she said, "and, meantime if he does come home, I'll send him straight to you. I promise you I shall."

REMODELING A WIFE

A Story of Married Life Where the Husband Would Be a Creator

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR

Copyright, 1920, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

LXXIV—The New Arrival.

The cooling of her wee daughter was a transformation to Doris. It seemed almost as though she had given every ounce of her spirit to the little one. Her vivaciousness of mind and body, all the innate vivacity was sapped. Whether the stormy period of her early married life had worked some subconscious effect, or whether the exhaustion of birth was a lasting phenomenon, it was impossible to say. It may have been that she sensed from the first how little her child would come to her; how completely it was to be dominated by the Carrington influence.

Carrington himself directed its tiny life from practically its first breath.

"We're going to have a healthy child, raised by science," he told her in one of the first conversations they had after she was strong enough to talk. "It's all nonsense that children should be a care and responsibility. Margaret raised Margaret strictly according to rule and she's never been any trouble to anyone."

"Yes, dear," agreed Doris faintly, with closed eyes. "We will do just as you say."

"When you have a trained nurse instead of an ordinary nursery maid, the problem is practically solved," continued Carrington. "Be- sides the doctor will continue to look the baby over at least once each week until she is a year old. Already she lives by clockwork—sleeps, has her food, cries, all on schedule."

"Please have nurse bring her in," requested Doris. "I haven't seen her since this morning."

But Carrington shook his head. "Mustn't disturb her for two hours. She's sweetest! That's what makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

"But she's always being fed or weighed or something when I want to see her," complained Doris fretfully. "You'd think that makes babies fretful, waking them before their nap is finished."

FASHIONABLE NANCY

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

Is Nancy, as the springlike day.

Soft as the skies as spring draws near

An azure blue—both bright and clear

The very shade that Nancy wears

Forth in the sunshine; sweet and gay

:: :: Excellent Advice :: ::

By DOROTHY DIX

Highest-Paid Woman Writer.

Don't Be a Discourager.

Are you a wet blanket? Are you one of those who feel it to be your sacred duty to chill hope, and take the pep out of enthusiasm?

When anyone broaches a plan to you, do you pick it to pieces, and knock it down, and trample on it until it lies a little pile of broken rubbish at your feet?

If anyone suggests going anywhere to you, do you raise so many objections that you take all the pleasure out of it before you even start?

If you are a discourager, stop being one. You are killing the joy of life for those about you. You are slaying the divine thing in them that makes them able to achieve, and you give them the courage to struggle and fight on.

The measure of what we can do is just what we think we can do. We cannot go one inch beyond that, and so when you destroy our self-confidence, and make us distrustful of our ability, you wish failure upon us.

We must sow in hope, if we reap success. It is only by keeping the goal constantly before our eyes, and believing with all our hearts that we have the strength to reach it, that gives one the courage to struggle and fight on.

Dim that hope, weaken that faith and we give up, and sit down, and fold our hands and say "What's the use?" The world is full of failures who would have been successes if they had not had the misfortune of having a discourager in the family.

Sometimes the wet blanket is a wife who dribbles ice water down her husband's neck when he gets such cold feet he is afraid to move an inch out of the rut into which he has gotten, no matter how clearly he sees fortune beckoning him down a new road.

The man has ability. He has vision. He is optimistic, and wants to build for the future. He comes home full of some plan for enlarging his business, or striking out in a new direction, and his wife says, "I don't see how you can do that."

He knows he has had to go to another country or city. He knows he can succeed because he feels within himself the power to do the thing he is planning to do.

But his wife insists on taking a cold dose of the cold douche and applies it so effectively that she brings his temperature down from fever heat to sub-normal before he is half through explaining his plan.

She says he is against taking risks, and to let well enough alone. She cites all the cases she has ever known of people who lost their all through some new venture. She prophesies very form of success for him, and warns him that he is not so young as he used to be, and that his health might fail, and that they might come to want in their old age; and so dismal and disheartening is the vision she paints that

the man finds his own enthusiasm petering out, and his belief in himself dying, and he gives the project up.

A great many wives take credit to themselves for being brakes upon their husbands' enthusiasms and say that they are always holding John or Henry back from going into some new thing. Little do they know how often they keep their husbands from great achievements and cut themselves out of the fortune and the fame they might have had.

"I used to tell my wife all of my plans and talk over things with her until I found out that she wet-blanketed every scheme I presented to her," said a successful man.

"Now I never tell her anything about what I am going to do until after the thing is accomplished, because I haven't got the time, or strength, to fight her objections. Nor can I afford to have the fine flower of my belief in my ability to put the thing through, blighted. Without that I cannot succeed. I need somebody to tell me that I can do it, not somebody to croak failure in my ears, and my wife is the greatest little discourager that ever came down the pike."

How often the genius of children is nipped in the bud by their parents throwing a wet blanket over all their aspirations we never can pln it. Now, divide the ends and the means, and the ends are millions of men and women who might have achieved something worth while if their fathers and mothers had not killed their faith in them in their early youth.

There are many parents who think that it makes for righteousness to make a child humble and self-doubting. Therefore they are eternally calling Bobby's and Sally's attention to their faults, and disparaging their virtues, and making small of everything they do.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

Johnny says he wants to be a lawyer when he grows up and Johnny's ambition becomes the chief family jest. They call him "Judge," and his use of big words, and his fondness for study, and at last Johnny is wet-blanketed out of his ambition and does become the day laborer that his family forced him into becoming.

New Style of Coif Shows Nape of Neck

By CORA MOORE.

New York's Fashion Authority.

New York—At last fashion is coming to its senses concerning one feature of woman's beauty long neglected, the back-of-the-neck line. A new style is admirably illustrated in the photograph of Mildred Richardson in a current New York production. Miss Richardson holds the coif at the nape of the neck.

"Part your hair straight across just below the top of the ears," she explains. "Bring the top portion of the hair back to the parting and pin it. Now, divide the ends and the hair below the part into two sections, or three, if very heavy. Braid each section and coil the braid, fluff out the sides to cover the ears and it is done."

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Horoscope.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1920.

Astrologers read this as rather a doubtful day. Although Jupiter and Mercury are in benefic aspect, Uranus rules with adverse power.

During his away advertising should receive a great impetus. Publicity in all forms will be greatly in demand, especially in the forwarding of personal ambitions.

Novel methods of using the newspapers for political propaganda will be devised, and publishers will benefit.

There is a sign read as most promising for members of the legal profession. A lawyer next month will receive an appointment of higher honor.

Education again will focus attention and reforms will be widely advocated. Legislators will be interested in a movement to extend government aid.

While there is the prognostication of success for lawyers and writers or editors, there will be also need of watchfulness, for sinister stars will cause trouble.

Uranus is in a place believed to foment envy and jealousy to which women will be peculiarly sensitive at this time. These impulses of enmity will be due to personal ambition rather than to love.

The evening of this day will be unlucky for love affairs and is not favorable for weddings.

Great numbers of cases will crowd the law courts during the next few months, astrologers predict.

Uranus continues in an aspect that will increase libel suits and spread scandal.

Divorces will be numerous and again it is prophesied that marriage laws will be widely criticized and discussed.

Secret crimes that seem to contradict the divinity of man's origin are likely to spread and there will be revelations concerning them that emphasize the need of right thinking.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a busy year. Renewals or changes may not be far off.

Children born on this day are likely to be quick, gifted and rather hard to satisfy.

Children born on this day are likely to be quick, gifted and rather hard to satisfy.

Children born on this day are likely to be quick, gifted and rather hard to satisfy.

Children born on this day are likely to be quick, gifted and rather hard to satisfy.

Children born on this day are likely to be quick, gifted and rather hard to satisfy.